

# A FUSION OF ART AND LITERATURE



## कला र साहित्य संगम

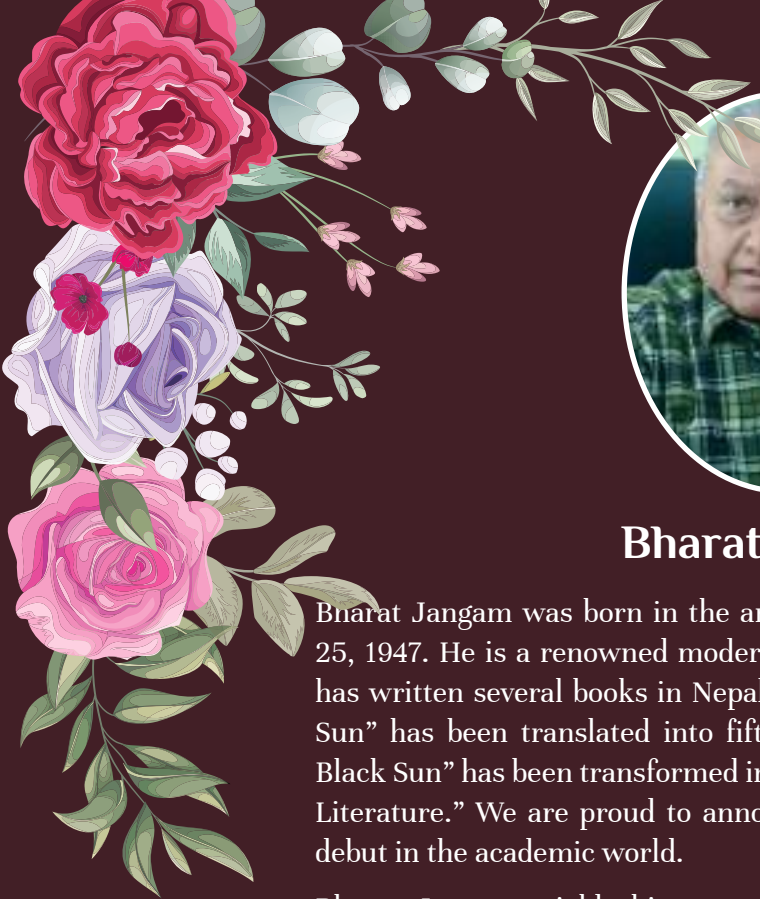
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**Anticorruption Academy**

📍 Bijulibazar, Kathmandu

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## Bharat Jangam

Bharat Jangam was born in the ancient city of Bhaktapur on November 25, 1947. He is a renowned modern novelist and freelance journalist. He has written several books in Nepali language. His first novel, “The Black Sun” has been translated into fifteen other languages. Currently, “The Black Sun” has been transformed into an art form titled “Fusion of Art and Literature.” We are proud to announce that this presentation marks its debut in the academic world.

Bharat Jangam wields his pen with revolutionary zeal and is deeply committed to democratic rights and human values. Jangam is an exceptional speaker, commentator and internationally acclaimed author. He has dedicated his entire life in promoting moral values in human society.

Bharat Jangam has given a profound gift to the academic arena by authoring “Anticorruptology: A Science against Corruption”. His groundbreaking work is based on the modern problems faced by humanity. The notion of “A Science against Corruption” is an invaluable contribution to the academic world. He is also the founder of Anticorruption Academy Nepal.

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## Indu Panta

Indu Panta was born at Hadigaun in Kathmandu Valley on February 26, 1958. She holds dual degrees in Fine Arts and Education. Indu Panta is renowned artist, poet, and novelist. Her several books are available in Nepali literature. She has produced numerous literary works, with a particular focus on exploring human psychology, for which she has received awards. Additionally, her paintings have gained fame and recognition through exhibitions held in various countries.

She served as a teacher for 35 years, both at schools and colleges. Although she is now retired, she still possesses the potential to work with a fresh mind and spirit.

Apart from being the president of the Pant Memorial Academy, she is also actively involved in other social institutions like Gunjan ( as life member ) and at Society for the Impaired Hearing ( as life member)

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# कला र साहित्य संगम

*A Fusion of Art and Literature*



UFFF.....



# The Black Sun in different languages

Main Writer : Bharat Jangam

- 1 English : The Black Sun - Saroj Kumar Shakya
- 2 Hindi : Kala Suraj - Dr. Ramdayal Rakesh
- 3 Chinese : Hai Thayang - Chau Jang and Chenali
- 4 Russian : Chorne Sons - Alexander Pablobh
- 5 Japanese : Kuraji Taiyo - Kajihito Sahegi
- 6 Bangla : Kala Surya - Sehabuddhin Ahamad
- 7 Assamese : Kala Suraj - Prof. Gita Upadhya
- 8 Urdu : Kala Suraj - S.A. Siddhique
- 9 Maithali : Kari Suraj - S. N. Pandit
- 10 Newari : Hakumha Surya - Dhruba Madhikarmi
- 11 Kannad : Kappu Surya - Prof. Dakshinamurti
- 12 Sanskrit : Kalark - Rohini Timilsina
- 13 Bhojpuri : Kariya Suraj - Dr. Ganga Prasad Akela
- 14 Dotyal : Kalo Surma - R.D. Chataut

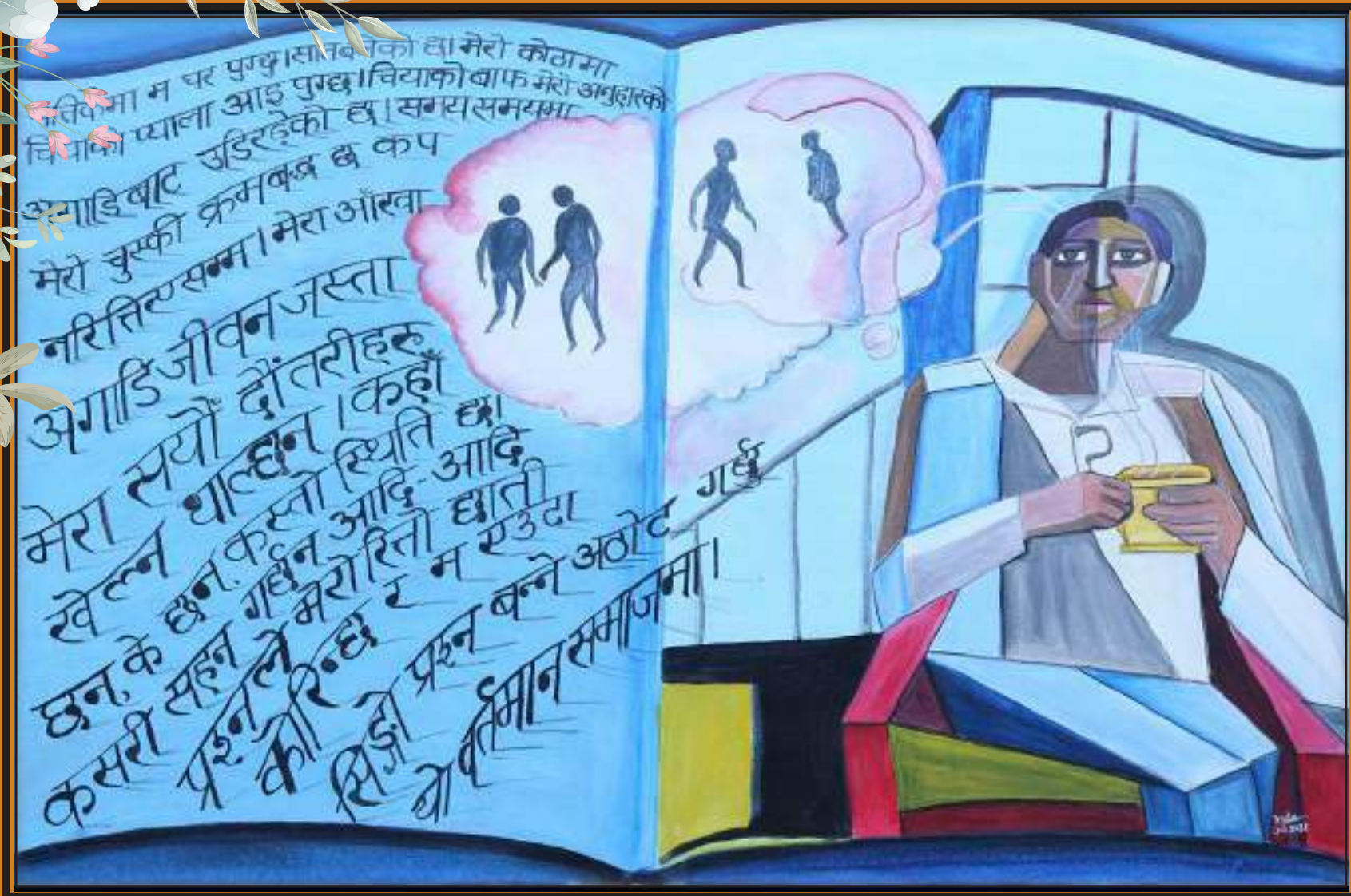
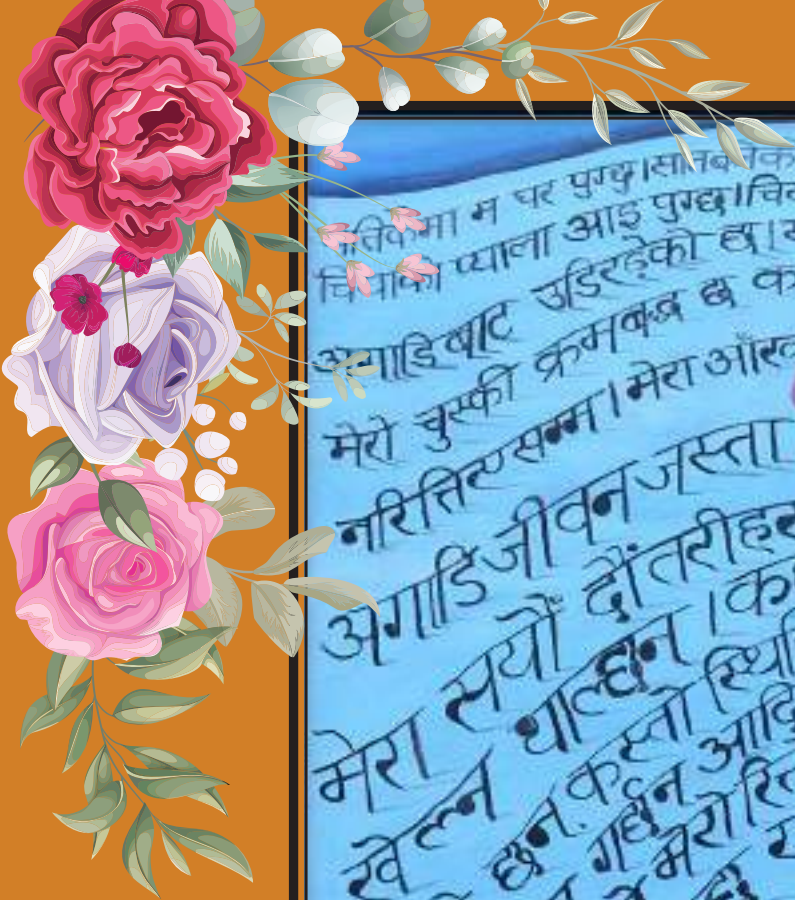




For days, my mind feels unsettled when I witness the fate of villages and cities being meddled with. One of my old friends, Jeevan, works as Naibsubba in a Government Office. I walk with the desire to sit and have tea with him, but I stop before reaching his door. I can hear his wife murmuring as I walk in. Involuntarily, I begin to hear the conversation.

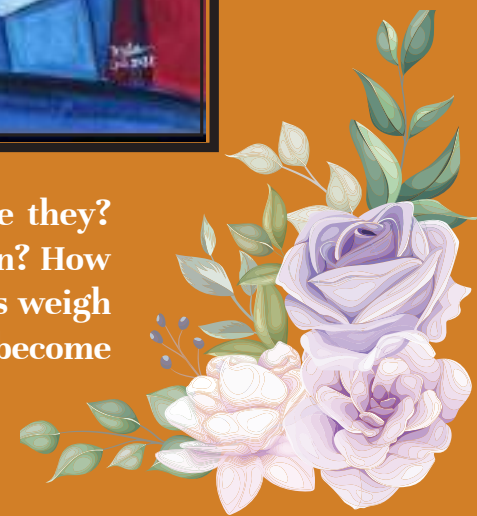
“Why don’t you understand? You just keep talking. What does it matter to me if someone who can afford educates their children abroad? It’s hard to make ends meet with my salary. Our daughter is four years old, and our son is six. When will you send them to school?”

“I think next year. We don’t even have enough source to drink tea”, Jeevan responds. It has been a long time since they made tea at Jeevan’s house. I walk away, thinking it would be insane to hold on to hope.



Meanwhile, I reach home. It's already seven o'clock. A cup of tea arrives in my room. The hot steam from the tea blows in front of my face. I take sips until the cup is empty. The thoughts of my countless friends, like Jeevan, started

cropping up in front of my eyes. Where are they? What are they doing? What is their situation? How do they manage, and so on. These questions weigh heavily on my empty heart, and I decide to become a solitary question in this present society.





I am alone in an empty room. There are three closed steel closets in the room, cluttered with papers and files. In the corner, there is a pantry and a calendar hanging on the wall. Through a small opening of the curtain, I can

see a revolving chair and the desk of the deputy secretary. Jeevan enters the room and he is startled to see me. I tell him that I have come to see him. Krishna Bahadur brings two cups of tea and places them on the table.

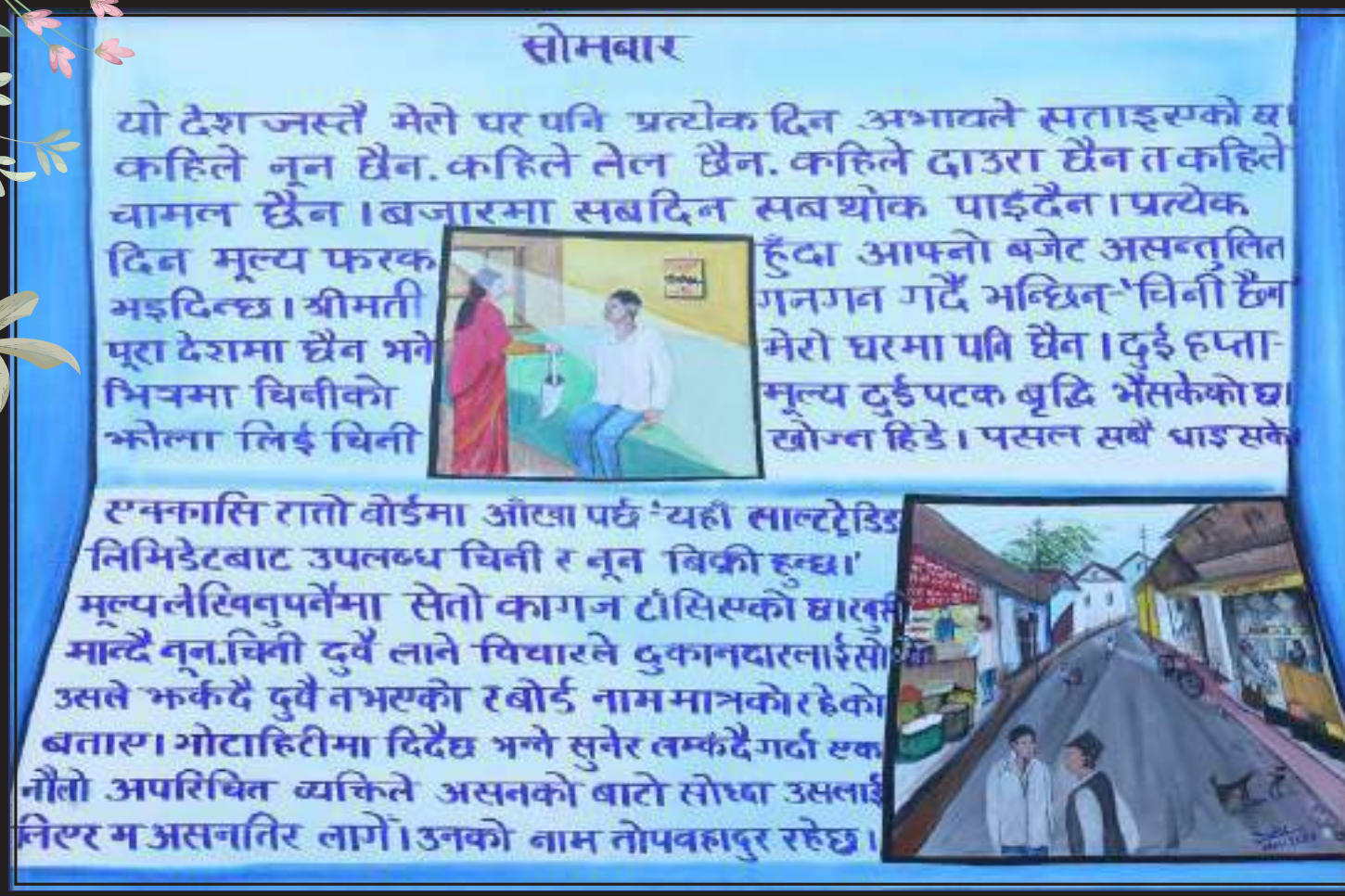


We start drinking tea. He complained that the bosses engage the lower-level employees in their personal work. Jeevan's superior calls him, and he takes the file, asking me to wait for a while. After a long time, Jeevan returns, visibly happy, and informs me that he has been transferred to the

airport. He says, "Once you have a job, you have to put aside your common sense and follow orders. Till date, I have suffered by not doing so."



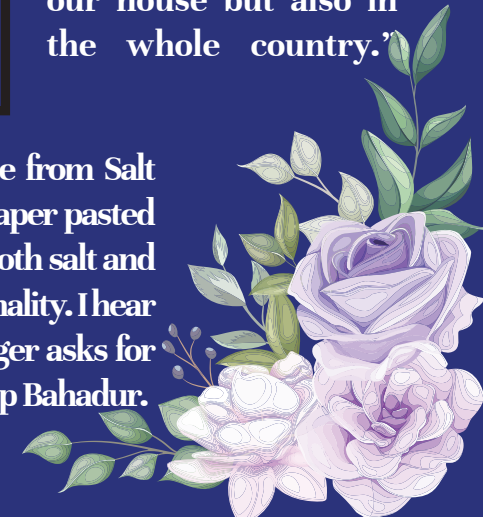
..... Monday

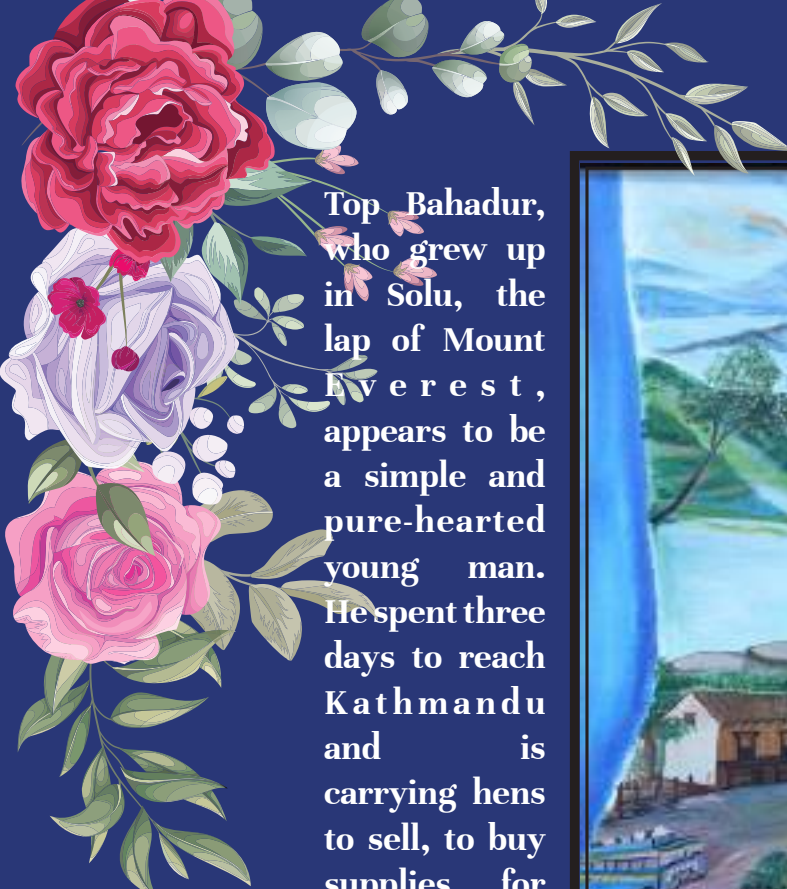


Just like my country, my house is also suffering from shortages every day. Sometimes there is no salt, sometimes there is no oil, sometimes there is no firewood, and sometimes there is no rice. The market doesn't have everything every day. Prices change daily, and the budget becomes unbalanced. My wife complains and says, "There is no sugar. Not only in our house but also in the whole country."

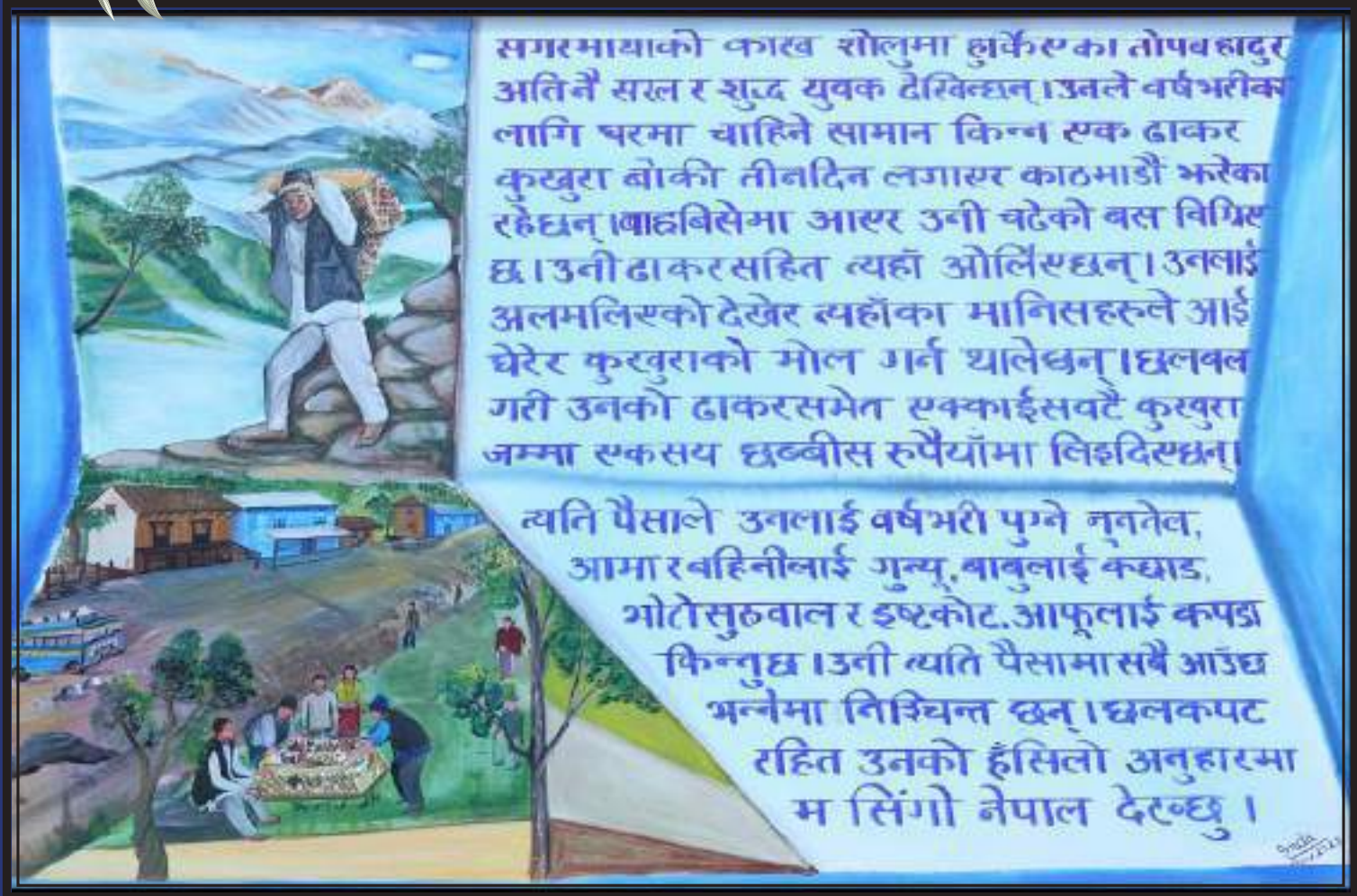
"Within two weeks, the price of sugar has increased twice." I grab a bag to go in search of sugar. I wander in all possible shops.

Suddenly, my eyes fall on a red board that says, "Sugar and salt available from Salt Trading Limited are sold here." In place of the price rate, there is a white paper pasted covering the price. Happily, I ask the shopkeeper with the intention to get both salt and sugar. He annoyingly tells me that he has neither and the board is just for formality. I hear that sugar is being sold in Bhotahiti so I go towards that direction. A stranger asks for directions of Asan and I guide him there myself. He introduced himself as Top Bahadur.



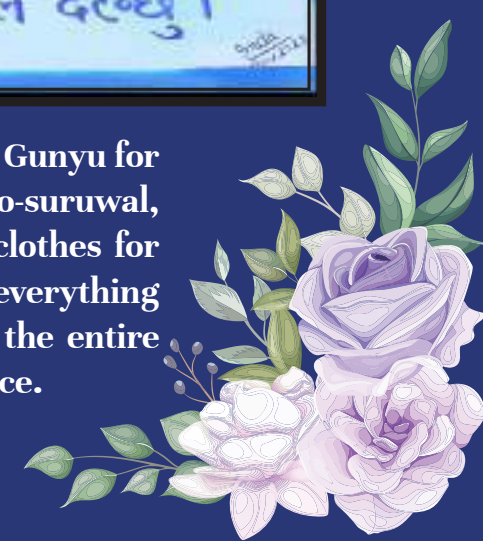


Top Bahadur, who grew up in Solu, the lap of Mount Everest, appears to be a simple and pure-hearted young man. He spent three days to reach Kathmandu and is carrying hens to sell, to buy supplies for the entire year's need of his household. The bus he was on broke



down at Barhabise. He got off with his Dhakar (traditional Nepali bag). Taking advantage of his confused look, the people there surrounded him and started bidding for his hens. By deceiving him, they bought twenty-one hens including his Dhakar for a total of one hundred and twenty-six rupees.

With that money, he planned to buy oil, Gunyu for his mother and sister, Kacchad, Bhoto-suruwal, and Istacoat for his father, as well as clothes for himself. He was certain that he could get everything with that amount of money. I can see the entire Nepal reflecting in his honest smiling face.



I showed a kerosene shop in Asan to Top Bahadur and told him to stand in line for kerosene. I walked to Machhindrabahal in search of sugar. When I returned I found, he still had not started shopping. Seeing his sad face, I inquire about the situation and I learn that he used up all his money buying

kerosene only. He had no money left to buy the remaining goods. He is afraid to go home. His father used to sell the same numbers of hens to buy supplies for the entire year. When he tried to sell kerosene to someone else, the twenty liters he bought turned out to be sixteen liters. Top Bahadur was cheated once again. I also had less sugar than



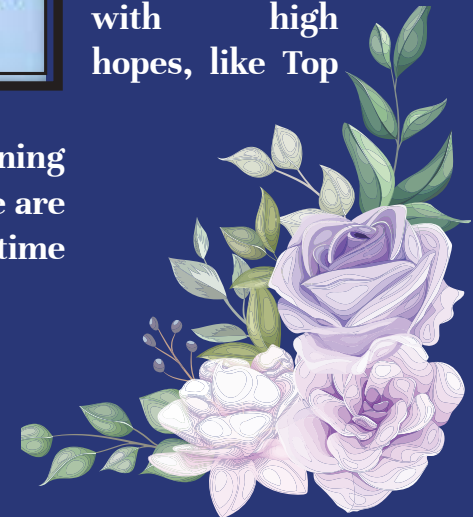
what should have been. Consumers are being deceived by businessmen in every step. Now, Top Bahadur is intending to go to Asansol with seventy-five rupees. I can't stop him.

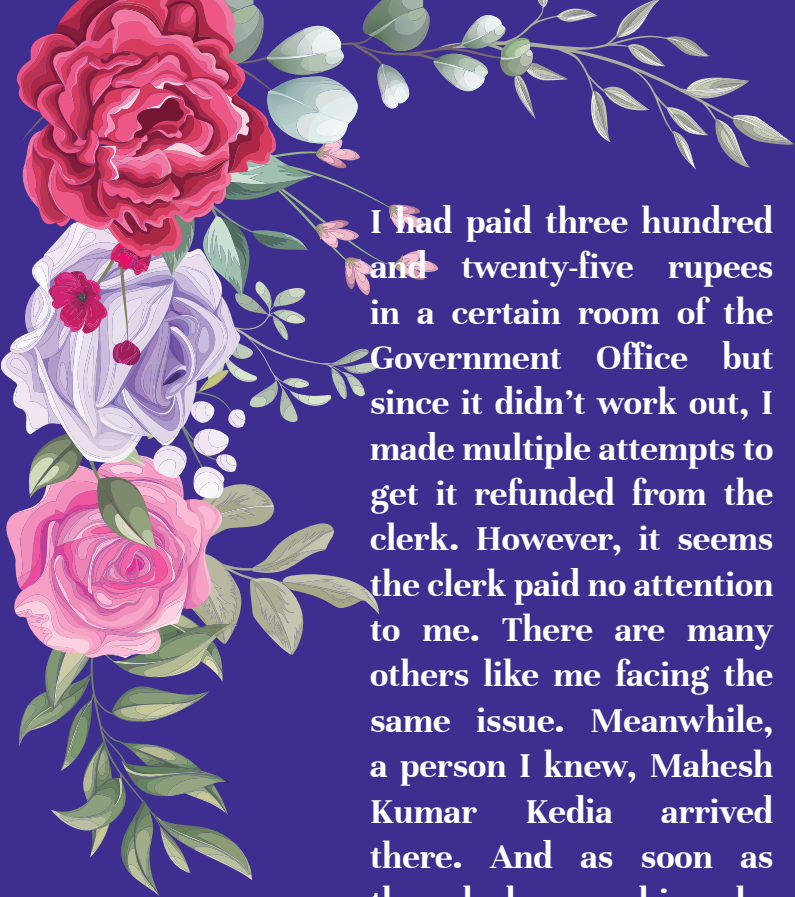


Top Bahadur's dream of buying Gunyo for his mother and sister, Kachhad, Istacoat, and Bhoto-suruwal for his father vanish in thin air with betrayal by Asan. His house will remain dark throughout this coming year. Food will become scarce. A person who comes from distant place with high hopes, like Top

Bahadur has deep respect for Asan but Asan despise them instead. Instead of helping such people, Asan is busy cheating them. I can't stop him from going to Asansol, India, where his brother works in a coal mine. He says that he will

buy all the goods his father asked for by earning a living there. This is how Nepalese people are compelled to go abroad due to unfavorable time and circumstances.





I had paid three hundred and twenty-five rupees in a certain room of the Government Office but since it didn't work out, I made multiple attempts to get it refunded from the clerk. However, it seems the clerk paid no attention to me. There are many others like me facing the same issue. Meanwhile, a person I knew, Mahesh Kumar Kedia arrived there. And as soon as the clerk saw him, he abandoned his other tasks and immediately finished his work. I walked out feeling that my work will not be done.



*It was disheartening to witness a foreigner being treated as a priority over a citizen in his own country.*





Kisunji's shipment has been lost on the way. Making a claim is pointless as the insurance company will investigate and pay only five lakhs due to under invoicing, despite the goods being worth fifty lakhs. Hearing this, my frustration grew.

Kisun Kewadiwala seems unaffected by the situation. Even though I am physically on the road, my heart and mind are still at Mahesh Kumar's office. I never knew that a foreign citizen has become a prominent businessman by taking control of the administration with mere table talk. I couldn't

comprehend the secret behind their million-dollar trades. As I see the signboard of BishalBazaar, Shantaram's words resonate in my mind, "I have turned your Kathmandu into Hong Kong."



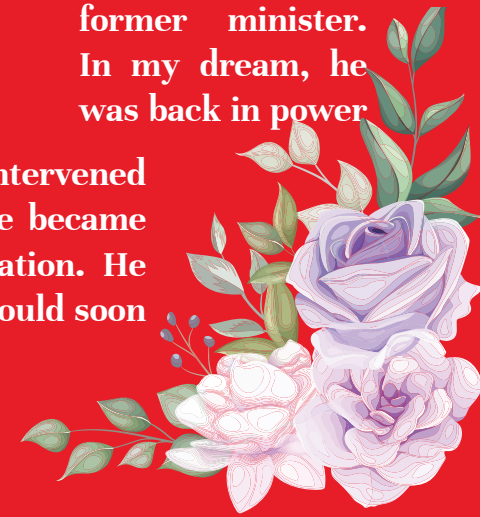
..... Wednesday



“ Brother ! Brother!”, the sound resonates in my ears. I wake up shattered. “Who are you talking to?” my brother inquires and greets me with a “Hello” as I enter the room. “Don’t you know me?”, he asked. Did you say you don’t know me? Yesterday, I met a man at a restaurant who claimed to be a former minister. In my dream, he was back in power

as the minister. “Do you understand?”, my brother eagerly listens as I start recounting the story from yesterday. Despite the ex-minister getting heavily intoxicated, he kept demanding more drinks to the waiter, particularly Scotch. Seems he doesn’t drink anything except Scotch.

Eventually, Dhruvanathji and I intervened and stopped him. In no time, we became friends and engaged in conversation. He was reiterating the fact that he would soon be a minister again.



Since the minister was quite drunk, Dhruvanathji and I helped him and escorted him outside. He couldn't even recognize his car keys. We placed him in my car and drove him towards his house.

Upon reaching Bhadrakali, we stopped the car as he felt like urinating. At that moment, a patrolling policeman attempted to arrest us. Fortunately, the police officer recognized the minister and allowed us to safely take him

home. Such incidents seem to be a regular occurrence for the minister. Once we reached the courtyard of his house, the minister invited us for tea the next day and expressed his gratitude for our assistance.



The following day, we arrived at his grand residence as per the former minister's invitation, and we were engaged in conversation about his residence. We were then escorted inside to the living room for

a meeting. After a while, the minister entered the room and apologized for the delay. We were involved in a lengthy discussion about politics, having coffee two times during the conversation. The minister spoke confidently about the significant work he had done during his tenure in office and expressed his belief in becoming



a minister again. We were pleased with his assurance, although I sensed a touch of embellishment in his statement. We bid him farewell, wishing him the best of luck in his pursuit of becoming a minister once again.

..... Thursday



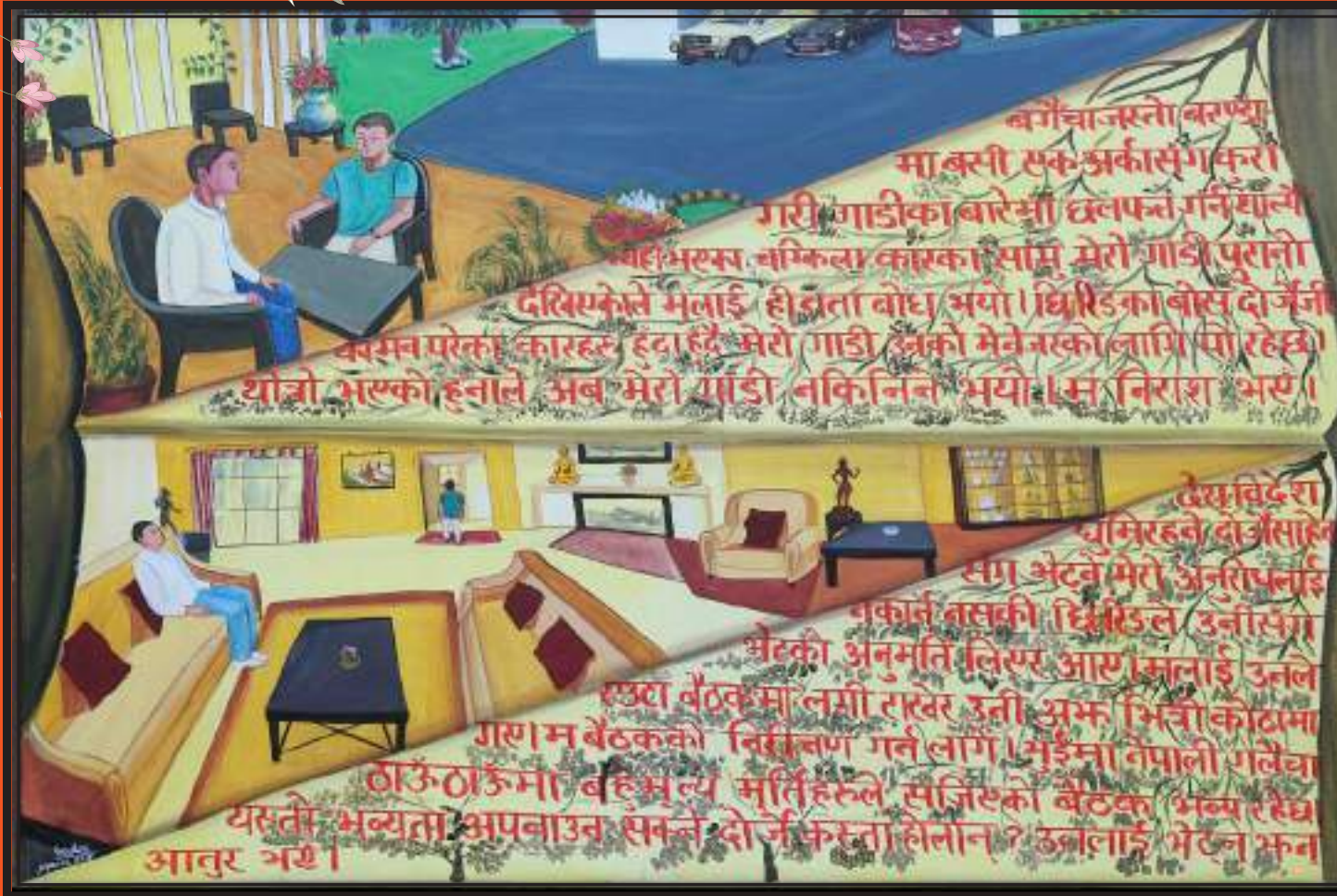
I hurriedly wash my vehicle with soap water after realizing that it is up for sale, as advertised in The Gorkhapatra. I'm in a rush to reach Dorje Sadan of Pulchowk.

I have breakfast and prepare myself for the meeting. Since I'm having trouble with the vehicle's sale, I decide to let the buyer determine the price and proceed to Pulchowk Dorje Sadan. I am hopeful that the vehicle will be sold this time.

After inquiring, a person mentions that it is the residence of smuggler Dorje. I was disheartened and I was compelled to ponder

on his character. The anticipation of meeting Dorje intensifies as I press the vehicle's horn approaching the door.

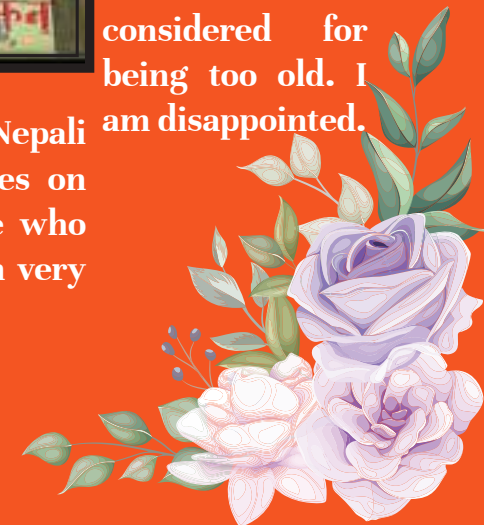




We sit on the garden type of balcony and begin discussing about the motor. I feel inferior as my car appears to be the oldest among the shiny cars there. Chhiring's boss Dorjeji owns many cars that he likes and seems my car is being bought for his manager and not for himself. However my car was not considered for being too old. I am disappointed.

I wanted to meet Dorje Saheb who usually is busy travelling to other countries. Chhiring got the consent for the meeting and informed me. He places me in the living room and enters an inner room. I start examining

the living room, which is adorned with Nepali carpets on the floor and valuable statues on display. What kind of person was Dorje who was able to possess such grandeur? I am very impatient to meet him.



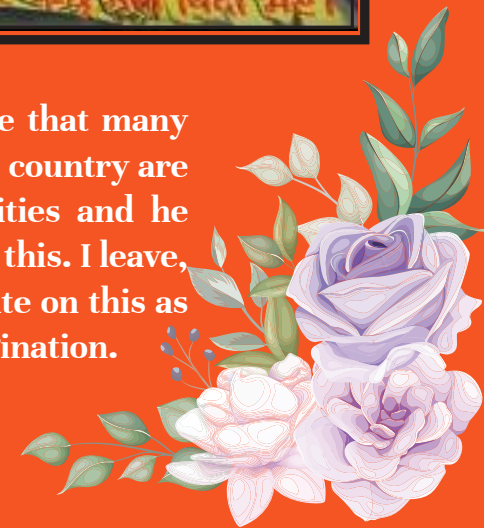


Chhiring guides me further into the room, where I see Dukpa Lama sitting. I had known Dukpa eight years ago when I helped him as a Tibetan refugee who entered Nepal through India. During this time, Dukpa had become a prominent person. Dorje sahib and risen from being at a low-level rented place to become the owner of numerous properties. It's hard to fathom the progression and downfall of a person.



As an old associate, Dorje explained me about his progress. With the assistance and strategy of a German, they have successfully obtained the same statue from the temple and sold it at much higher prices in Germany

and America. He briefed me that many prominent individuals of the country are also involved in such activities and he also asked for my support in this. I leave, stating that I will contemplate on this as this is truly beyond my imagination.



..... Friday



one to another like a football. He expresses his frustration about constantly having to adapt to newer environments. According to him, the lack of a solid policy here prevents efficiency from being recognized. It was disheartening to see a qualified individual like him expressing dissatisfaction. Tirthaji,

who holds a degree in civil engineering from Roorke, India, has been working in His Majesty's Government Office for ten years. He's tired of the belief that engineers should be able to do everything under the sun. He even contemplates going abroad if things continue this way.





Tirtharatnaji's father was an honest person with high principle. Tirtha who also follows his father's footsteps, feels disappointed that his values aren't appreciated. I encourage Tirthaji to remain true to his principles. One day, corrupt individuals and corruption itself will be eradicated, and people like him will be recognized.



Bikram also expresses his grievances. He says, "I have witnessed all wrongdoings by so many people". He knows how corruption has been prevalent

by using inferior cement and using it in less quantity than required. News about buildings, bridges, and roads collapsing due to negligence in meeting standard requirements and by using subpar materials is a common occurrence. Bikram is aware that money has been embezzled by constructing bridges only in paper design, just to comply with a predetermined plan. Bikram and Tirtharatna bid farewell and leave, emphasizing that corruption in the country will never cease.





## ..... Saturday



After a long time, I woke up early in the morning with a strong desire to visit Pashupatinath. At Bhattisputali, I notice dead trees on one side of the road while there are bare small wooden stumps on the other side. I reminisced about the time when both banks of the road used to be adorned with plantations. The road would have been much more beautiful if there were trees on both sides. My attention was drawn to the electric wires running above the trees. “How did the power lines and

tree planting end up in the same alignment? Didn't they consider that when installing poles?” There are also shorter trees that do not grow larger. If planted properly, would have provided a lush green shade. These questions puzzled my mind as I continued walking towards my destination.

Along the way, I happen to meet Lawyer Bishnukantaji's Assistant. I informed him that I will come to see Bishnukantaji later today and I bid him goodbye. I entered the entrance of the Pashupatinath temple, but it was crowded, and I managed to do the darshan with much difficulty.





I received a call from my mother, who informed me that our ancestral land in Bhaktapur was at risk of being taken over by someone else. She asked me to talk to my lawyer friend to resolve the issue. I followed my mother's instructions and went to Bishnukant's office. There was a constant hustle and bustle of people with

various legal problems, constantly moving in and out of the office. I patiently waited for an opportunity to bring up my issue. Suddenly, a distressed woman in her forties came in and sat in the front chair, expressing her anxiety and declaring that she felt dead. She had been rejected by her husband and was seeking refuge in



the court to fight for her rights. Despite losing the case in court for eighteen years, she continued to plead with Bishnukantji with the last hope. He told her to come the next day.





I finally got a chance to tell him my problem. Bishnukantji advised me not to file a case. A land without any proof of ownership would be really difficult to get hold of even though it might be ancestral in reality. And even if a case is filed, it

might take as long as thirty years for the case to settle. I came here with so much hope; all my hopes turned into disappointment. I started to see darkness and insecurity everywhere. All my mornings, evenings and all hopes are the captive of destiny. All my days are like a carcass



surrounded by hungry vultures. Wrapped in such a helpless situation, my current stories are like an endless horizon.





# Letter From B.P. Koirala

12, Kartik 2037  
Chabahil, Kathmandu

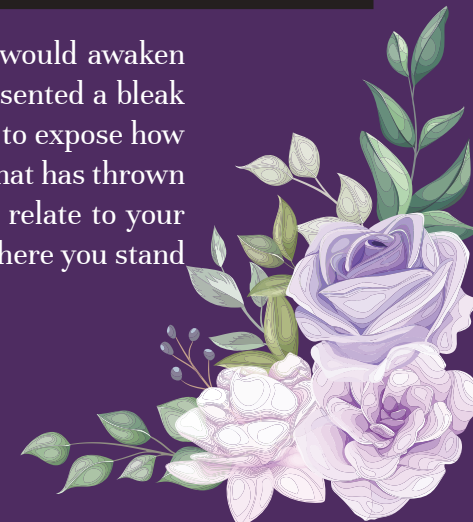
Dear Bharat Jangam,

I read your novel entitled “The Black Sun” with keen interest. In it you have attempted to portray the present day decline of values in every area of our national life. For a sensitive Nepalese citizen such corrupt situation has become subject of great agony. In your writing you have exposed such a corrupt system, which is an admirable attempt. In daily life common people have to undergo great suffering resulting from such state of affairs.



When those ruling establishment read your novel, it is likely it would prick their conscience. Possibly it would awaken their sleeping consciousness. They might feel guilty in some lonely corner of their soul. Your novel has presented a bleak and miserable picture of the society and that's what seems to be its ultimate objective. Your intention seems to expose how corrupt our National scenario is. And now isn't there a need to improve such disturbing situation ? Who is it that has thrown the Nation into such a bog ? How did it all happen ? Who will raise finger at them ? In this context I can relate to your thought. The aim of my efforts in political field is the revival of moral value in National life. From the place where you stand you have helped me in my mission.

B.P. Koirala





सूक्त  
• भ्रष्टाचार  
• दुराचार  
• अत्याचार  
• हान्मोवाद  
• जातीयवाद  
• भीडभाडतन्त्र  
• कर्मचारी मनपरीतन्त्र

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- Corruption
- Nepotism
- Employee autocracy
- Unrighteousness
- Casteism
- Injustice
- Mob fanaticism





## INTRODUCTION

Anticorruption Academy (AcA) Nepal is a social initiative engaged in governance, anticorruption, and citizen empowerment. The motive behind the establishment of AcA is to combat corrupt intention and activities by developing capacity of actors in the society.

The movement against corruption has been active in both state as well as citizen level for decades. However the citizens have not been able to feel the change. Realizing the above, AcA has taken initiative to build a team of committed Pro-Governance team to work in the area of Anti-Corruption and Governance.

The team comprises of eminent researchers, reputed academician, established entrepreneurs, proven managers, and committed youth and volunteers.

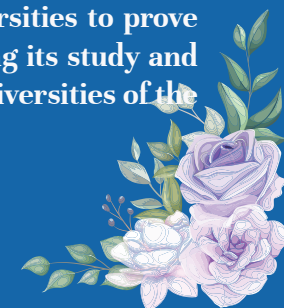
AcA promotes and elevates the values and the existential identity of the governance where public's participation is a must to fight back with this widespread menace. Accountability, Transparency, Responsiveness, Stewardship, and Integrity are the essential core dogma as well as shield to preserve, protect and challenge corruption.

## OBJECTIVE :

To achieve it's defined goal, Anticorruption Academy has the following objectives:

- To prepare the trend and character of the world community, manifest its pure, transparent, and friendly human behavior to create an atmosphere of accountability at all levels by asserting the rights ensured by the state.

- To execute good governance based on worldwide principles of justice and to implement ideal democracy by ensuring the fundamental rights of the citizens.
- To promote the rule of law and good governance in the world at large at first stance.
- To create a corruption-free society by maintaining ethics, morality, human dignity, and value in the society to keep the traditionally practiced spiritual contemplation alive.
- To maintain financial ethics, morality, and virtue in the society for happiness, peace, and prosperity of the general-public.
- To promote Anticorruptology as a subject of teaching and learning pedagogy in the educational institutions.
- To disseminate information about the significance of Anticorruptology and create a global network of anti-corruption activities and movements.
- To make human life more qualitative by developing human characters full of virtue, proper thought, and right action to maintain traditionally practiced spiritual values.
- To raise public awareness through advocacy and research-based information to control corruption.
- To stop unwanted and illegal activities of non-governmental organizations occurring under the guise of social, political, and economic development.
- To extend the scope of Anticorruptology over the global intellectual culture, study centers and universities to prove it as a science of anti-corruption by promoting its study and research in academies, study centers, and universities of the world.



# “SADACHAR DEEP SAMMAN” AWARD PROGRAM



From 2078 B.S., Anticorruption Academy has initiated an award program to felicitate exemplary personnels (with high ethical morales) from the field of Judiciary, Bureaucracy, Journalism, Education and

Politics respectively. The awardees are selected by a committee on the merit basis of being morally, ethically and financially clean and virtuous. This award is scheduled on 10<sup>th</sup> Mangsir annually.

## In 2078 B.S.



**Politics :** Haribol Bhattarai  
President, B.P. Pratisthan



**Judiciary :** Prakash Wosti  
Former Judge of Supreme Court



**Administration :** Prem Sanjel  
Ex-under Secretary

## In 2079 B.S.



**Judiciary :** Sushila Karki  
Former Chief Justice of Supreme Court



**Politics :** Astalaxmi Shakya  
Vice President of UML



**Social Service :** Bhadrakumari Ghale  
Activist and Scholar



**Education :** Dr. Suresh Raj Sharma  
Former Vice Chancellor, Kathmandu University



**Administration :** Bharat Bahadur Thapa  
Former Secretary of Nepal Government